Middletown Transcript

Published every Saturday Morning

—AT—

Middletown, New Castle Co, Delaware

—BY—

The Middletown Transcript Co.

(INCORPORATED)

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JULY 3d, 1919

KEEP OLD TRAVELING BAGS

Salesmen Almost a Unit in Belief That There Is Good Luck in Battered Grips.

Ever notice how worn and battered are traveling men's grips and bags? The knight of the road who tells you that he "made $5,000 out of commissions alone last year" is likely to have a grip that would cause shame even to a debt-hounded clerk.

The reason? Superstition. It's bad luck to change traveling bags.

"A traveling man will cling to the same old bag as long as the handles stay on it and it will hold together," said a veteran traveling man. "I had only two traveling bags in 25 years on the road. You'll often see an old salesman with the same grip he started out with. He'll have it repaired and pieced together time after time, using strings or straps if necessary to keep it from falling apart."

Another superstition of the men who sell goods is that it is bad luck to be the first to sign a hotel register. If a traveling man comes in early in the day and finds nobody ahead of him on the register he will hang around the lobby, nervously waiting for somebody to come in and put down his signature on that register. Many hotel clerks know this trait of their patrons and will say: "You can sign later, Mr. So-and-So. We'll give you a room and remember it till somebody else comes in."

Few traveling salesmen like to do any work on Sunday. It's another superstition. If one sells a bill of goods on Sunday, the belief is, he will lose a day that week. He won't gain by it. Either he will find some of his expected customers away or his train will be late or something equally unfortunate will happen.

They believe, too, in the old adage that a "bad beginning means a good ending."

"If a traveling man starts out his trip with some big sales he will be absolutely convinced that the finish will be poor," said the veteran. "And if he doesn't make any sales to speak of the first few days he will be the most hopeful and cheerful chap in the world. Means a big windup."

Return of the Golf Widow.

During the war the great majority of golfers who were ineligible or too old for military service gave up their golf, many because they were preoccupied with work, many because their golf courses were not kept up, many because they had not the moral courage to appear in public with golf clubs. Thousands of golf widows were thus married again to their former husbands, and foolishly hoped to live happily ever afterward, says "T. B." in the London Daily Mail. The remarried golf widows are again bereaved. Their late lamented husbands have once more departed for the happy hunting grounds—of the little white ball. The corporeal shapes of their husbands indeed appear in their homes to eat and sleep (with a new heaviness) or to practice putting on the drawing-room carpet in frost-bound weather. But they are only phantom husbands. Their only mundane interests are the golf articles in the daily papers. Sometimes they bring other women's ghost husbands home to dinner, and then they talk golf.

Pneumatic Milk Tubes.

During a court inquiry into the high cost of milk at New York the suggestion was made that pneumatic tubes, formerly used in the mail service, be utilized to distribute milk to various sections of the city. The use of the pneumatic distributor was declared to be far more economical than the present methods, thus bearing didectly upon the cost of milk, the subject of the inquiry. It is not the plan, however, of the persons suggesting the idea that the milk is to run through the tubes in streams. Instead carriers of metal are to be employed to convey under high air pressure several bottles of milk at a time. These carriers are to hold six quart bottles or ten pint bottles, and the capacity of a tube is said to be one carrier every six seconds.

$50 for a Key.

A sign of the times is the advertisement which appeared a few days ago in the Birmingham (Eng.) Post, $50 offered for the key of a house on the Hagley or Bristol roads. This sort of inducement has been common enough in regard to small house property, but this is the first time such an announcement has applied to a house in the more opulent quarter of the city. Before the war there were many empty houses on the Hagley and Bristol roads, and it seemed as if the old-time fashionable suburb was losing its pre-eminence. And it is not merely an ephemeral demand. Houses are willingly taken on long leases, very different from the short terms on which tenants insisted five years ago.

United States Honey Crop.

The honey crop of the United States for 1918 having been placed by the department of agriculture at about 250,000,000 pounds, American Botanist estimates that as the nectar of flowers does not become honey until worked over and partly evaporated the bees must move as much as 150,000 tons of material to produce this crop, exclusive of the honey eaten by themselves. Of this produce about one-half is from the nectar of white clover, with two other leguminous plants—alfalfa and sweet clover—as the next important sources. A honey that can be recognized is produced by a few plants, including cotton, basswood, tulip tree, buckwheat, goldenrod and mountain sage.

FOR THEIR HEALTH

Men Looked Forward to Time in Penitentiary.

Lawyer Left With Some Idea That the Persuasive Powers of His Learned Friend Might Have Been Better Exercised.

One of the most interesting and eloquent old-time pleaders at the Missouri bar, says Case and Comment, was Henry Clay Dean, the picturesque lawyer of Rebel Cove, Putnam county. The most striking evidence of his persuasive powers was not given before the jury in a courtroom, however, but in the gloomy corridors of the old jail at Kirksville.

Another veteran of the profession, Judge A. D. Risdon, tells the story. It was a matter of pride with Colonel Dean, he says, that in nine cases out of ten he could get a defendant off in a jury trial. But once he was called upon to defend a couple of young fellows for breaking into a railway car, and the evidence was so strong that even Colonel Dean saw no way out except to plead guilty and let the boys take the lowest sentence. Having reached this conclusion, Colonel Dean was admitted to the jail for a talk with his young clients. It happened that there were in the same prison two other men who had made arrangements with me to represent them, and, as there was great doubt as to their guilt, I had mapped out a defense that was about as certain as anything human could be to result in an acquittal by the jury.

All four men were in the same corridor, and of course my men could hear what Colonel Dean was saying to his clients.

He took a seat between the two boys, laid a friendly hand on their shoulders, and began in that smooth, pleasant way of his to tell them what life in the penitentiary was. He said he had been down there and looked all through the building and saw how it was conducted; that the yards, rooms—he never called them cells—and corridors were kept clean and well ventilated; that the men got three good meals a day with pie and cake on Sunday; that there were concerts by the band at frequent intervals; that each man was given a nice new suit of clothes and had his hair trimmed in a fashionable style. Of course there was, he admitted, a little work to do, but only enough for healthful exercise. Young men went down there pale and cadaverous, with blowholes in their lungs, and came back strong, plump, clear eyed and active, the masters of a trade, with money in their pockets!

The next morning, when court assembled, the four men were arraigned. Dean's young clients eagerly pleaded guilty, and mine followed suit before I knew what they were about. Surprised and indignant, I hurried over to them.

"What do you fellows mean?" I demanded. "You don't want to go to the penitentiary, do you?"

They looked at each other for a moment and then one of them replied:

"It's this way, judge; neither me nor Bill has ever been down there, and we thought we'd like to take a little trip for our health."—Youth's Companion.

GUARD IN BRILLIANT ARRAY

Cretan Soldiers in Attendance on Venizelos at Peace Conference Were Gorgeously Uniformed.

Kings, presidents and premiers ceased to be a novelty at the peace conference, but the bodyguard of Premier Venizelos of Greece never failed to attract great crowds. At the hotel where the American delegation was housed and at the foreign office, Venizelos' approach was always heralded by the arrival of one of his Cretan soldiers arrayed more brilliantly than a comic-opera bandit.

The Cretans who escorted the Greek statesman were all more than six feet tall and apparently had been chosen from various organizations, as a different man appeared daily, and the same uniform was never seen twice. The swarthy Cretans all had small waxed mustaches twisted into upturned points and stood rigidly at attention for hours while awaiting M. Venizelos at the entrance to the hotel or the foreign office. The jibes of small boys and the jokes of various allied soldiers who gathered in wonderment never seemed to disturb the imperturbable Cretans.

Perhaps the most startling uniform worn by one of the guards consisted of white tights bound by tasseled black silk cords at the knees, a red velvet blouse and sash, a red fez surmounted by a black silk tassel so long that it fell below the waist, and black sandals with upturned toes topped by great black silk pompons. This costume was completed by an ivory-handled knife two feet long thrust carelessly into the sash.

The knives and swords worn by the Cretans were the chief feature of the uniforms and made collectors of antique weapons very envious. They were of all sizes and shapes and had sheaths of great splendor, jeweled and carved in a marvelous manner.

Some of the guards were bare-kneed and had costumes not unlike the Scotch in style, but much gaudier in color. Others wore marvelously decorated leggings reaching far above the knees. Capes of Oriental hues were frequently worn by the Cretans and added to the brilliancy of the Greek uniforms, which made the fancy dress uniforms of the French and English look somber.

Superior Knowledge.

"Education spoils some people," said Farmer Corntossel.

"Impossible."

"Well, mebbe not in the long run. But I nearly ditched the spring wagon this morning tryin' to listen to a young man who thought it would be preferable to say 'arise!' to the horses instead of 'get up!'"

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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Middletown, Delaware

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Mothers of Men

By KENNETH GROESBECK

(Copyright.)

The hot, good-natured crowd pushed slowly past the living skeleton and the fattest woman in the world, past the tooting, gaudy calliope, under the nose of the derby-hatted young man in shirt-sleeves with fog-horn voice, and into the tent containing the greatest show on earth.

The circus wagons, bright spots of color and tinsel, shimmered under the hot August sun.

The great white tent spread its glare of canvas over what had been a green field, and about it, like strange chickens of a stranger mother, clustered the booths of world's wonders, the candy and lemonade stands, and the camp of "the only cannibals living in captivity."

Beyond it, straining at its ropes like a living thing, strangest wonder of them all, rose the shining dome of a balloon.

In this, that very afternoon, the daring aeronaut, Signor Mello Mellini, would make his nerve-paralyzing ascent, as before the crowned heads of the world.

A bell rang sharply in the inclosure, signaling the time when the great procession of wonders was to begin its triumphal march before the wondering eyes of the audience.

Its sound had hardly ceased, when a boy entered, a yellow envelope in his hand, calling laconically:

"Ryerson, Ryerson, telegram for Ryerson!"

At the summons, a strange figure rose from a corner of the inclosure. Its face was painted into a perpetual grin, its head was bald and shining, save for the regular occurrence of bright yellow spots, its costume was white and baggy, and its feet were long and flapping, like some impossible animal.

"I'm Ryerson," said the clown. "Give us the wire."

The boy handed it over, together with a stub of pencil for receipt signature, and made off.

Ryerson opened the envelope and read its contents. His first start was of amazement, and then, as he re-read the message, his face, under its painted grin, became set in hard lines. The literal, unemotional telegraph had brought him:

"We get turned out of the house today at five. Can't you do nothing?

"FATHER."

Utterly at a loss, he walked vacantly around the inclosure, his great feet flapping on the ground.

The second bell rang, and the living contents of the inclosure seemed to throw itself through a flap in the canvas, to be greeted with a clatter of applause from the tiers of human faces around the ring.

He did not know they had gone. His one realization was of an old man and an old woman, fifty miles away in the village of Lynburg, who that very afternoon were to lose the only shelter they had.

"Can't you do nothing?" The words seemed to burn his poor brain. A harsh voice broke in on him.

"You Ryerson, beat it into the ring! Get on the job, quick!"

It was Mainwaring, the proprietor, jeweled, and hard as nails, who had bustled through the inclosure, and was gone as quickly as he had come.

Ryerson, distracted with anxiety, walked not into the tent, but out behind it. Before him was the proprietor's wagon.

He hesitated a moment, and, as the vision of his father's seamed old face came to him, glanced quickly round him, ran clumsily up the movable steps, and into the wagon.

Mainwaring's small desk stood before him. He ran to it. It was locked. It was only a chance, at best, but in desperation he struck its front a blow with his clenched fist, and the flimsy affair came apart under his hand.

He threw up the flap, rummaged rapidly through the papers, opened drawer after drawer, until he happened upon a familiar leather-bound purse. He opened it, his eyes glistening amid the cracking paint, counted the contents rapidly, and crowded it into an inner pocket.

In a moment more he was on the ground outside the wagon, unobserved.

A church steeple rose over the trees at the end of the field. It was three o'clock. He had acted on impulse, and as he realized with a sinking of the heart, in vain.

He could never reach Lynburg in two hours. He looked round him like a hunted animal. As he did so, a thought struck his driven brain like an inspiration. The balloon!

He knew balloons, having made an occasional ascension to help out a regular balloonist during a former "engagement" that had featured in his checkered career.

He walked rapidly to the rope ladder which hung over the side of the basket, and, climbing it, almost fell into the light wicker framework. Signor Mellini was already there, at work arranging his ballast. He started to his feet as the strange apparition wriggled over the side.

"Oh, it's you, Ryerson," he said. "Why ain't you in the tent?"

"I want the balloon, Mellini," said the clown. "Get out of it."

"Ah, quit your kiddin'," said the distinguished signor. "It's too bloomin' hot!"

"Get out," said Ryerson ominously. "Get out, or I'll throw you out."

The aeronaut cast one glance at the white face, streaming with perspiration, and then, convinced he was dealing with a lunatic, jumped for the side, and slid rapidly to the ground. He shouted as he landed, and people began to run out of the tent.

No sooner had he gone over the side, however, when Ryerson pulled the patent release cord, and shot reeling into the air.

He remembered little of that particular ascension, as he looked back at it later. He remembered how slowly he seemed to move, but in the right direction. After an eternity, his straining eyes made out a familiar cluster of houses below him, and in his agitation, he pulled the valve-cord too far, and crashed down into the orchard of his father's house, to land in the top of an apple tree.

As he climbed painfully down from it an old man ran from the house shouting, to stop in amazement as he recognized in the strange, bedraggled figure, his son.

"Well;" cried the old man, as they met. "Is that how you circus folks travel? You got my telegram, son?"

"Yes," answered Ryerson. "I got it, father, and here's your answer."

He reached into pocket, and handed the wallet to the old man, whose eyes shone.

"Ye got the money, son?" he almost shouted. "Me'n mother won't have to get out?"

He threw his arms round the young man's neck, almost crying for joy. At that moment his mother ran from the house, and strange painted figure that he was, threw her arms round him, and kissed him tenderly.

When the old man explained what the boy had brought, motherlike, she thought less of the saved home, and more of the son who had saved it.

"I knew my boy would take care of us," she said fondly, her eyes glistening, and then, returning to the manner of the old days, "you go upstairs, Willie, and wash that stuff off your face, and get into a suit of your old clothes. You always was turnin' up unexpected!"

Ryerson said little at supper, after he and his father had packed the balloon into its basket. It was enough to have his mother hover over him, and pile his plate with food, and hear his father recount, over and over again: "How set back that old skinflint were when he come to put us out, and got his money for his trouble."

Early the next morning, after a sleepless night, Ryerson bade his father and mother good-by. They were too old to go and see him "act," and he explained that the circus was going on a long trip now, and that they might not see him for a year or more.

They kissed him fondly, and he set off over the dewy fields, looking back from the crest of the hill, to wave a farewell to the two old figures in the doorway of the gray, little farmhouse.

At the edge of the town, he found the familiar wagons, and the hurrying men, the poles going up as by magic, and the canvas spreading as if endowed with life. He pushed through the confusion, seeking the proprietor's wagon. He met a man he did not know, and inquired.

"The boss? Back of the fat lady's wagon there. Better keep away from him, stranger. He's hot today. Crazy man stole his cash, and went off in the balloon yesterday, and they ain't heard nothin' of him since." The man went about his business with a friendly nod, but Ryerson walked in the direction indicated to the proprietor's wagon.

He mounted the steps, a faint sickness in his heart, and knocked on the door. Mainwaring's harsh voice bade him enter.

He did so, and as the bull-necked man seated at the little desk caught sight of him, he seemed to lose the power of speech. His face became purple, and then paled. Then he seemed to explode.

"Well, I'll be hanged! It's Ryerson!"

Ryerson walked up to him and said doggedly: "I came back as quick as I could, Mr. Mainwaring. I guess you want me. But I ain't crazy. I had to have that money, and I took it, that's all.

Mainwaring stared at him a moment, in utter amazement. Then: "You came back? You ain't crazy? Guess I must be, then. What'd you come back for? You swipe my balloon and a wad, and then you come back. I don't get it. What's the game?"

Ryerson told him the whole story. He finished with:

"Lock me up, if you want to. The balloon ain't hurt, and I'll pay the cash back when I get out. But make it somewhere farther down the road, so the folks won't get on. It'd kill them, sure."

He finished, and looked down at his dusty feet, waiting for the blow to fall.

There was no sound in the wagon until he heard the scratching of a pen. He looked up fearfully, to see Mainwaring laboriously writing, his tongue in his cheek. When he had finished, he folded the paper carefully, put it in an envelope, and handed it to Ryerson.

He then got up from the desk, and strode out of the wagon, and Ryerson heard his roaring blasphemy at the tent raisers.

Dazed, Ryerson opened the envelope, and in Mainwaring's labored hand, read the following:

"You Ryerson, I guess you're a fool. You get out of this circus quick. You go to Chapman, where my brother runs a lumber mill, and you see what he sez to you. You pay back the cash when you gets it, and don't you think your the only man what's got a mother.

"Yours truly,

"A. MAINWARING."

Get New Legs.

A young soldier walked with military stride into the office of the disability reviewing board at Camp Dix yesterday and presented himself to the officer at the desk. "What's your trouble?" asked the lieutenant as the soldier handed over his certificate of disability rating by the camp examining board. "No legs, sir," answered the soldier. "What's that?" asked the officer, who had seen the man walk into the room, his soldierly bearing attracting the admiration of the officer's eye. "Both legs gone, but they've fixed me up almost as good as new with artificial ones," answered the soldier, who is Sergt. Samuel F. Hall of near Somerville, Mass., and the first soldier minus both legs who had been brought up to Camp Dix for discharge. He demonstrated he had learned to walk with the use of his new legs with perfect ease and was therefore given an immediate discharge. Except for the loss of his legs, which were below the knee, Hall was in perfect physical condition. Under the terms of his

HARRY C. ELIASON
Agent
Middletown, Del.

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Extra large sizes for extra large women

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Silk Skirts and Georgette Waists, $4 to $5 each. White Skirts and lawn or voile waists, 98c to $1.50. Your size at your price.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats
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All summer dress goods and trimmings, prices marked down.

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Middletown, : : : Delaware

Notice--Dividend

NEW CASTLE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK
OF ODESSA, JUNE 18, 1919

The Directors have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Four per cent. clear of taxes, payable on and after June 30th, 1919.

JOS. G. BROWN, Cashier.

Notice--Dividend

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK
Middletown, Del., June 19, 1919

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of THREE and ONE HALF (3 1-2 PER CENT.) for the last six months, free from taxes, payable on and after July 1st, 1919.

W. K. BETTS, Cashier.

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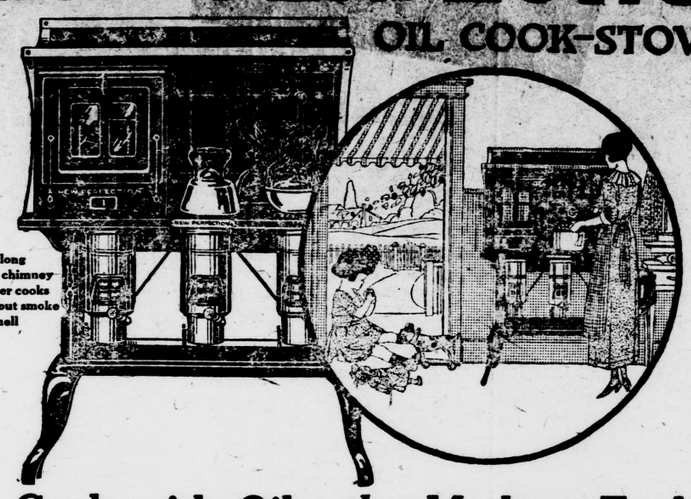

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The secret lies in the construction of the long blue chimney burner—an exclusive feature of New Perfection Stoves. With this burner you have full cooking heat at the touch of a match and you can control the heat from a high hot flame to the lowest simmer.

Every drop of oil is turned into a clean, hot, steady flame and the heat is evenly distributed over the bottom of the utensils. Your dealer will gladly demonstrate.

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

Atlantic Rayolight Oil is a highly refined oil that costs no more than ordinary kerosene. Its purity makes it particularly suitable for the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove.

See the New Perfection Oven too, it bakes perfectly

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Philadelphia *Pittsburgh*

NOTICE

ESTATE of Mary E. Price Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Mary E. Price late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Martin B. Burris, on the Twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1919 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrator without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administrator on or before the Twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1920, or abide by the law in this behalf.

MARTIN B. BURRIS, Administrator.

Address
Middletown,
Delaware.

ESTATE of John S. Lattomus Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of John S. Lattomus, late of Appoquinimink Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Winfield Lattomus and Levi L. Maloney, on the Fourth day of June, A. D. 1919, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executors without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Executors on or before the Fourth day of June, A. D. 1920, or abide by the law in this behalf.

Winfield Lattomus,
Levi L. Maloney,
Executors.

Address
Townsend.
Delaware.

ESTATE of Stacey S. Shockley, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Stacey S. Shockley, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Martin B. Burris on the Nineteenth day of June A. D., 1919, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrator without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibitand present the same duly probatedto the said Administrator on or before the Nineteenth day of June A. D. 1920, or abide by the law in this behalf.

MARTIN B. BURRIS, Administrator.

Address
Middletown,
Delaware.

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Middletown, : Delaware

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
NOTARY PUBLIC
South Broad treet - - - Middletown, Delaware

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Insures Property Against FIRE and LIGHTNING
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